

THE
DEVIL *to* PAY:
OR,
The Wives Metamorphos'd.
An OPERATIONAL
F A R C E.
As it is Perform'd at the
THEATRE-ROYAL
IN
DRURY-LANE.

By His MAJESTY's Servants.

Newly adapted to the *Stage*, with the Addition
of several new SONGS.

BELFAST:

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street, M,DCC,LXIII.

1607/2865

Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

Sir John Loverule, an honest Country Gentle- } *Mr. Beard.*
man, belov'd for his Hospitality.

Butler,	}	<i>Servants to Sir John.</i>	}	Mr. Turbutt.
Cook,				Mr. Leigh.
Footman,				Mr. Gray.
Coachman,				Mr. Marshall.

Jobson, a Psalm-singing Cocker, Tenant } *Mr. Harper.*
to Sir John.

Doctor. *Mr. Hill.*

W O M E N.

Lady Loverule, Wife to Sir John, } *Mrs. Pritchard.*
proud, canting, brawling, fanatical
Shrew.

Lucy,	}	<i>Her Maids.</i>	}	Miss Biet.
Lettice.				Miss Bennet.

Nell, Jobson's Wife, an innocent Coun- } *Mrs. Clive.*
try Girl.

Tenants, Servants.

SCENE, A Country Village.





T H E
D E V I L *to* P A Y,
O R
The Wives Metamorphos'd.

S C E N E I. *The Cobler's House.*

Jobson and Nell.

Nell. **P**R'ythee, good *Jobson*, stay with me To-night, and for once, make merry at home.

Job. Peace, peace, you Jade, and go spin; for if I lack any thread for my Stitching, I will punish you by virtue of my sovereign Authority.

Nell. Ay, marry, no Doubt of that; whilst you take your Swing at the Ale-house, spend your Substance, get drunk as a Beast, then come like a Sot, and use one like a Dog.

Job. Nounz! do you prate? Why, how now, Brazenface, do you speak ill of the Government; Don't you know, Hussy, that I am King in my own House, and that this is Treason against my Majesty.

Nell. Did ever one hear such Stuff? But I pray you now, *Jobson*, don't go to the Ale-house To-night.

Job. Well, I'll humour you for once, but don't grow too saucy upon't; for I am invited by Sir *John Loverule's* Butler, and am to be princely drunk with Punch at the Hall Place; we shall have a Bowl large enough to swim in.

A 2

Nell.

Nell. But they say, Husband, the new Lady will not suffer a Stranger to enter her Doors; she grudges even a Draught of small Beer to her own Servants; and several of the Tenants have come home with broken Heads from her Ladyship's own Hands, only for smelling strong Beer in her House.

Job. A Pox on her, for a fanatical Jade! She has almost distracted the good Knight: But she's now abroad feasting with her Relations, and will scarce come Home To-night; and we are to have much Drink, a Fiddle and merry Gambols.

Nell. O dear Husband! let me go with you, we'll be as merry as the Night's long.

Job. Why, how now, you bold Baggage? wou'd you be carry'd to a Company of smooth-fac'd, eating, drinking, lazy serving men; no, no, you Jade, I'll not be a Cuckold.

Nell. I am sure they would make you welcome; you promis'd I should see the House, and the Family has not been here before, since you married and brought me Home.

Job. Why thou most audacious Strumpet, dar'st thou dispute with me, thy Lord and Master? Get in and spin, or else my Strap shall wind about thy Ribs most confoundedly.

A I R I. The Twitcher.

He that has the best Wife

She's the Plague of his Life;

But of her that will scold and quarrel,

Let him cut her off short

Of her Meat and her Sport,

And ten Times a Day Hoop her Barrel, brave Boys,

And ten Times a Day Hoop her Barrel.

Nell. Well, we poor Women must always be Slaves and never have any Joy, but you Men run and ramble at your Pleasure.

A I R II. Fie, nay, pry'thee *John.*

'Tis, I vow and swear,

Very cruel, Dear,

That I must not be allow'd to talk;

Job. Hence, I say get in

To thy Wheel and spin,

Left upon your Back my Strap shou'd walk.

Nell.

Nell. Well, since I must, I will begone ;
Go, go, you are a naughty Man ;
Be sure get drukk then, if you can.
Reel home to *Nell*.

Job. You surly Jade, by Yea, and Nay,
If here you any longer stay,
Or dare dispute my sovereign Sway,
I'll strap you well.

Why thou most pestilent Baggage, will you be hoop'd ?
Be gone.

Nell. I must obey.

Job. Stay ! now I think on't, here's Sixpence for
you, get Ale and Apples, stretch and puff thyself up
with Lamb's Wooll, rejoice and revel thyself, be drunk
and wallow in thine own Sty, like a grumbling, Sow, as
thou art.

He that has the best Wife,
She's the Plague of his Life, &c.

S C E N E II. *Sir John's.*

Butler, Cook, Footman, Coachman, Lucy, Lettice, &c.

But. I would the blind Fiddler and our dancing Neigh-
bours were here ; that we might rejoice a little, while
our termagant Lady is abroad : I have made a most so-
vereign Bowl of Punch.

Lucy. We had'heed rejoice sometime, for our devilish
new Lady will never suffer it in her Hearing.

But. I will maintain, there is more Mirth in a Galley,
than in our Family : Our Master, indeed, is the worthi-
est Gentleman——nothing but Sweetness and Libe-
rality.

Foot. But here's a House turned topsy turvy, from
Heaven to Hell, since she came hither.

Lucy. His former Lady was all Virtue and Mildness.

But. Ay, rest her Soul, she was so ; but this is in-
spired with a Legion of Devils ; who made her lay
about her like a Fury.

A I R III. Under the Greenwood Tree.

Of all the Plagues of human Life,

A Shrew is sure the worst ;

Scarce one in ten that takes a Wife,

But with a Shrew is curst.

Since

The Devil to Pay; Or,

Since then the Plague in Marriage lies;
 Who'd rush upon his Fate?
 When he for Freedom, Bondage buys,
 And still repents too late.

Lucy. I am sure I always feel her in my Bones; if her Complexion don't please her, or she looks yellow in a Morning, I am sure to look black and blue for it before Night.

Cook. Pox on her: I dare not come within her Reach. I have some six broken Heads already. A Lady, quotha! a She-Bear is a civiler Animal.

Foot. Heaven help my poor Master! this devilish Termagant scolding Woman will be the Death of him; I never saw a Man so altered in all the Days of my Life.

Cook. There's a perpetual Motion in that Tongue of hers, and a damn'd shrill Pipe, enough to break the Drum of a Man's Ear.

Enter Blind Fiddler, Jobson, and Neighbours.

But. Welcome, welcome all; this is our Wish. Honest old Acquaintance, Goodman *Jobson*! how do'st thou?

Job. By my Troth, I am always sharp set towards Punch, and, am now come with a firm Resolution, tho' but a poor Cobler, to be as richly drunk as a Lord; I am a true *English* Heart, and look upon Drunkenness as the best Part of the Liberty of the Subject.

Lucy. Why did you not bring your Wife with you?

Job. Because here are Wags, very Wags, young brisk Rogues, and a Man may be a Cuckold before the King's Health can go round.

A I R IV. Charles of Sweden.
 Come jolly *Bacchus*, God of Wine
 Crown this Night with Pleasure:
 Let none at Cares of Life repine
 To destroy our Pleasure:

Cho. Fill up the mighty sparkling Bowl,
 That ev'ry true and loyal Soul
 May drink and sing without Controul,
 To support our Pleasure,
 Thus mighty *Bacchus* shalt thou be
 Guardian to our Pleasure.

Tha

That under thy Protection we
May enjoy new Pleasure;
And as the Hours glide away;
We'll in thy Name invoke their Stay;
And sing they Praises, that we may
Live and Die with Pleasure.

But. Here's our Master's Health in a Bumper. Huz-
za —————

Lucy. Our Lady's Confusion in another. Huzza —————

But. The King; and all the Royal Family, in a
Brimmer ————— Down upon your Knees, you Rogues.

A I R V.

Here's a good Health to the King,
And send him a prosperous Reign,
To the Hills and high Mountains,
We'll Drink dry the Fountains,
Till the Sun rises again, brave Boys,
Until the Sun rises again.

Then Here's to thee my Boy boon

Then Here's to thee my Boy boon;

As we have tarry'd all Day to Drink down the Sun,
So we'll tarry and Drink down the Moon, brave Boys,
So we'll tarry and Drink down the Moon.

Enter Sir John and Lady.

Lady. O Heaven and Earth! What's here within my
Doors? Is Hell broke loose? What Troops of Fiends
are here? Sirrah, you impudent Rascal, speak.

Sir John. For shame, my Dear—As this is a Time of
Mirth and Jollity, it has always been the Custom of
this House, to give my Servants Liberty in this Season,
and to treat my Country Neighbours, that with inno-
cent Sports they may divert themselves.

Lady. I say meddle with your own Affairs; I will
govern my own House without your putting in an Oar,
Shall I ask Leave to correct my own Servants?

Sir John. I thought Madam, this had been my House,
and these my Tenants and Servants.

Lady. Did I bring a Fortune to be thus abus'd and
snubb'd before People? Do you call my Authority in
Question, ungrateful Man? Look ye to your Dogs
and

and Horses abroad, but it shall be my Province to govern here: nor will I be controul'd by e'er a hunting, hawking Knight in *Christendom*.

A I R VI. Sir *John*.

Ye Gods ye gave to me a Wife,
Out of your Grace and Favour,
To be the Comfort of my Life,
. And I was glad to have her.
But if your Providence divine,
For greater Bliss design her;
To obey your will at any Time,
I am ready to resign her.

Sir *John*. This is to be marry'd to a continual Tempest; Strife and Noise, Canting and Hypocrisy, are eternally afloat—'Tis impossible to bear it long.

Lady. Ye filthy Scoundrels, and odious Jades, I'll teach you to Junket thus; and steal my Provisions; I shall be devoured at this Rate.

But. I thought, Madam, we might be merry once upon a Holiday.

Lady. Holiday, you Popish Cur! Is one Day more holy than another? and if it be, you'll be sure to get drunk upon it, you Rogue. (*beats him*) You Minx, you impudent Flirt, are you jiggling it after an abominable Fiddle? all Dancing is whorish Huffy.

(*Lugs her by the Ears.*)

Lucy. O Lud! she has pull'd off both my Ears.

Sir *John*. Pray, Madam, consider your Sex and Quality; I blush for your Behaviour.

Lady. Consider your Incapacity: You shall not instruct me. Who are you thus muffled, you Buzzard?

(*She beats them all, Jobson steals by.*)

Job. I am an honest, plain, Psalm-singing Cobler, Madam; If your Ladyship would but go to Church, you might hear me above all the rest there.

Lady. I'll try thy Voice here first, Villain, (*strikes him.*)

Job. Nounz! what a pox, what a Devil ails you?

Lady. O prophane Wretch! wicked Varlet!

Sir *John*. For shame! your Behaviour is monstrous!

Lady. Was ever poor Lady so miserable in a brutish Husband, as I am? I that am so pious and religious a Woman!

Job.

Job. sings. He that has the best Wife,
She's the Plague of his Life,
But for her that will scold and will quarrel. [*Exit.*

Lady. O Rogue, Scoundrel, Villain!

Sir John. Remember Modesty.

Lady. I'll rout you all with a Vengeance, I'll spoil
your squeaking Treble.

(*Beats the Fiddle about the blind Man's Head.*)

Fid. O Murder, Murder! I am a dark Man, which
Way shall I get hence! O Heaven! she has broke my
Fiddle, and undone me and my Wife and Children.

Sir John. Here, poor Fellow, take your Staff and
be gone, there's Money to buy you two such; that's
your Way.

Fid. Heaven preserve your Worship——bless you,
sweet Master——here's a Change indeed——little did
ever I think to find such Doings in this Hall Place.

Lady. Methinks you are very liberal, Sir; must my
Estate maintain you in your Profuseness?

Sir John. Go up to your Closet, pray, and compose
your Mind.

Lady. O wicked Man! to bid me pray.

Sir John. A Man can't be compleatly curs'd, I see
without Marriage, but since there is such a Thing as se-
parate Maintenance, she shall To-morrow enjoy the
Benefit of it.

A I R VII. *Of all Comforts I miscarry'd.*

Of the States in Life so various,
Marriage sure is most precarious;
'Tis a Maze so strangely winding,
Still we are new Mazes finding:
'Tis an Action so severe,
That naught but Death can set us clear;
Happy's the Man, from Wedlock free,
Who knows to prize his Liberty:

Were Men wary

How they marry,

We should not be half so full of Misery.

(*Knocking at the Door.*)

Here, where are my Servants? Must they be frighted
from me——Within there——see who knocks.

Lady. Within there——where are my Sluts? Ye
Drabs, ye Queans——Lights there. *Enter*

*The Devil to Pay ; Or,**Enter Servants, sneaking with Candles.*

But. Sir, it is a Doctor that lives ten Miles off; he practices Physick, and is an Astrologer: your Worship knows him very well, he is a cunning Man, makes Almanacks, and can help People to their Goods again.

Enter Doctor.

Doct. Sir, I humbly beg your Honour's Pardon for this unseasonable Intrusion; but I am benighted, and 'tis so dark, that I can't possibly find my Way home; and knowing your Worship's Hospitality, desire the Favour to be harboured under your Roof To-night.

Lady. Out of my House, you lewd Conjuror, you Magician.

Doct. Here's a Turn——here's a Change!——Well if I have any Art, you shall smart for this. (*Aside.*

Sir John. You see, Friend, I am not Master of my own House; therefore to avoid any Uneasiness, go down the Lane about a Quarter of a Mile, and you'll see a Cobler's Cottage, stay there a little, and I'll send my Servant to conduct you to a Tenant's House, where you'll be well entertain'd.

Doct. I thank you, Sir, I'm your most humble Servant—But as for your Lady there, she shall this Night feel my Resentment

Sir John. Come Madam, you and I must have some Conference together.

Lady. Yes, I will have a Conferance and a Reformation too in this House, or I'll turn it Up-side down I——will.

A I R VIII. *Sir John.*

Grant me ye Powers but this Request,
And let who will the World contest:
Convey her to some distant Shore,
Where I may ne'er behold her more:
Or let me to some Cottage fly,
In Freedom's Arm to live and die. (*Exeunt.*

S C E N E III. *The Cocker's.**Neil and the Doctor.*

Neil. Pray Sir, mend your Draught, if you please; you are very welcome, Sir.

Doct. Thank you heartily good Woman, and to requite your Civility, I'll tell you your Fortune.

Neil.

The Wives Metamorphos'd.

I I

Nell. O, Pray, do, Sir; I never had my Fortune told me in my Life.

Doct. Let me behold the Lines of your Face.

Nell. I'm afraid, Sir, 'tis none of the cleanest; I have been about dirty Work all this Day.

Doct. Come, come, 'tis a good Face, be not asham'd of it, you shall shew it in greater Places suddenly.

Nell. O dear Sir, I shall be mightily asham'd; I want Docity when I come before great Folks.

Doct. You must be confident, and fear nothing; there is much Happiness attends you.

Nell. O me! this is a rare Man; Heaven be thank'd.

Doct. To-morrow before Sun-rise you shall be the happiest Woman in this Country.

Nell. How, by To-morrow! alack a day! Sir how can that be?

Doct. No more shall you be troubled with a surly Husband, that rails at, and straps you.

Nell. Lud! how came he to know that? he must be a Conjuror! indeed my Husband is somewhat rugged, and in his Cups will beat me, but it is not much; he's an honest Pains-taking Man, and I let him have his Way. Pray, Sir, take t'other Cup of Ale.

Doct. I thank you—believe me, To-morrow you shall be the richest Woman i' h' Hundred, and ride in your own Coach.

Nell. O Father you jeer me.

Doct. By my Art! I do not. But mark my Words; be confident, and bear all out, or worse will follow.

Nell. Never fear, Sir, I warrant you—O Gemini; a Coach.

A I R IX. Send home my long stray'd Eyes.

My swelling Heart now leaps with Joy,
And Riches all my Thoughts employ:

No more shall People call me *Nell*,

Her Ladyship will do as well:

Deck'd in my golden, rich Array,

I'll in my Chariot roll away,

And shine at Ring, at Ball, and Play.

Enter Jobson.

Job. Where is this Quean? Here, *Nell*! What a Pox, are you drunk with your Lamb's-Wool?

Nell,

Nell. O Husband! here's the rarest Man ——— he has told me my Fortune.

Job. Has he so! and planted my Fortune too, a lusty Pair of Horns upon my Head—Eh! Is't not so?

Doct. Thy Wife's a virtuous Woman, and tho't be happy. ———

Job. Come out, you hang Dog, you Juggler, you cheating, bamboozling Villain, must I be a Cuckold by such Rogues as you are, Mackmaticians, and Almanack-makers!

Nell. Pry'thee Peace, Husband, we shall be rich, and have a Coach of our own.

Job. A Coach! a Cart, a Wheel-barrow, you Jade—by the Mackin, she's drunk, bloody drunk, most confoundedly drunk—Get you to Bed you Strumpet.

(*Beats her.*)

Nell. O Mercy on us! is this a Taste of my good Fortune.

Doct. You had better not have touch'd her you surly Rogue.

Job. Out of my House, you Villain, or I'll run my Awl up to the Handle in your Buttocks.

Doct. Farewell, you paltry Slave.

Job. Get out you Rogue. (*Exit.*)

S C E N E changes to an open Country.

Doctor, solus.

A I R X. The Spirits Song in *Mackbeth*.

My little Spirits now appear,

Nadir and *Abisbog* draw near:

The Time is short, make no Delay

Then quickly haste and come away:

Nor Moon, nor Stars, afford their Light,

But all is wrapt in gloomy Night;

Both Men and Beasts to Rest incline,

And all Things favour my Design.

(*Within*)

Doct. My strict Commands be sure attend,
For e'r this Night shall have an End,
You must this Cobler's Wife transform,
And to the Knight's the like perform:
With all your most specifick Charms,
Convey each Wife to different Arms;

Let

Money another Time to spend in Lamb's-Wool, you saucy Jade, shall I?

Lady. Monstrous! I can find no Bell to ring. Where are my Servants? They shall toss you in a Blanket.

Job. Ay, the Jade's asleep still; the Conjurer told her she shou'd keep her Coach, and she is dreaming of her Equipage. [Sings.

I will come in, in spite she said,
Of all such Churls as thee;
Thou art the Cause of all our Pain,
Our Grief and Misery.
Thou first broke the Commandment,
In honour of thy Wife,
When he heard her say these Words,
He ran away for Life.

Lady. Why Husband! Sir *John*! will you suffer me to be thus insulted?

Job. Husband! Sir *John*! what-a-pox, has she knighted me? and my Name is Zekel too; a good Jest Faith..

Lady. Ha! he's gone, he is not in the Bed. Heaven! where am I? Foh! what loathsome Smells are here? Canvass Sheets, and a filthy ragged Curtain; a beastly Rug, and a Flock Bed. Am I awake, or is it all a Dream? What Rogue is that? Sirrah! Where am I? Who brought me hither? What Rascal are you.

Job. This is amazing, I never heard such Words from her before. If I take my Strap to you, I'll make you know your Husband. I'll teach you better Manners, you saucy Drab.

Lady. Oh astonishing Impudence! You my Husband, Sirrah? I'll have you hang'd you Rogue; I'm a Lady. Let me know who has given me a sleeping Draught, and convey'd you hither, you dirty Varlet?

Job. A sleeping Draught! yes, you drunken Jade, you had a sleeping Draught with a Pox to you. What, has not your Lambs-Wool done working yet.

Lady. Where am I? Where has my villainous Husband put me? *Lucy, Lettice*! where are my Queans?

Job. Ha, ha, ha! What does she call her Maids too? The Conjurer has made her mad as well as drunk.

Lady.

Lady. He talks of Conjurers! sure I am bewitched. Ha! what Cloaths are here? a Linsey-woolsey Gown, a Calicoe Hood, a red Bays Petticoat, I am remov'd from my own House by Witchcraft. What must I do? What will become of me? (*Horns wind within.*)

Job. Hark! the Hunters and the merry Horns are abroad. Why *Nell*, you lazy Jade, 'tis break of Day: to work, to work, come and spin, you Drab, or I'll tan your Hide for you: What a-pox, must I be at Work two Hours before you in a Morning.

Lady. Why, Sirrah, thou impudent Villain, dost thou not know me, Rogue?

Job. Know you, yes, I know you well enough, and I'll make you know me before I am done with you.

Lady. I am Sir JOHN LOVERULE's Lady: how came I here.

Job. Sir JOHN LOVERULE's Lady! no, *Nell*, not quite so bad neither; that damn'd stinky, fanatick Whore plagues every one that comes near her! the whole Country curses her.

Lady. Nay, then I'll hold no longer; you Rogue, you insolent Villain, I'll teach you better Manners.

(*Flings Bedstaff and other Things at him.*)

Job. This is more than ever I saw by her. I never had an ill Word from her before. Come, Strap, I'll try your Mettle; I'll sober you, I warrant you, Quean.

(*He straps her, she flies at him.*)

Lady. I'll pull your Throat out; I'll tear out your Eyes; I'm a Lady Sirrah. Oh, Murder! Murder! Sir JOHN LOVERULE will hang you for this. Murder! Murder!

Job. Come Hussy, leave Fooling, and come to your Spinning, or else I'll lamb you, you ne'er was so lamb'd since you were an Inch long. Take it up you Jade.

(*She flings it down, he straps her.*)

Lady. Hold, hold, I'll do any thing.

Job. Oh! I thought I should bring you to yourself again.

Lady. What shall I do? I can't spin. (*Aside.*)

Job. I'll into my Stall: 'tis broad Day now.

(*Works and sings.*)

A I R

A I R XIII. *Come let us prepare.*

Let Matters of State
Disquiet the Great,
The Cobler has nought to perplex him;
Has nought but his Wife
To ruffle his Life,
And her he can strap if she vex him.
He's out of the Pow'r
Of *Fortune* that Whore,
Since low as can be, she has thrust him,
From Dun's he's secure,
For being so poor

There's none to be found that will trust him.

Heyday, I think the Jade's Brain is turn'd. What have you forgot to spin, Huffy?

Lady. But I have not forgot to run, I'll e'en try my Feet! I shall find somebody in the Town, sure that will succour me. *[She runs out.]*

SCENE *changes to Sir JOHN's House, NELL in Bed.*

What pleasant Dreams I have had To-night! Methought I was in Paradise, upon a Bed of Violets and Roses, and the sweetest Husband by my Side. Ha! blest me where am I now? What Sweets are these? No Garden in the Spring can equal them; not new blown Roses with the Morning Dew upon them. Am I on a Bed? The Sheets are Sarfenet sure, no Linen was ever so fine. What a gay silken Robe have I got? Oh Heaven! I dream! Yet if this be a Dream, I would not wish to wake again. Sure I died last Night, and went to Heaven, and this is it.

Enter Lucy.

Lucy. Now must I wake an Alarm that will not lie still again 'till Mid-night, at soonest; the first Greeting, I suppose, will be Jade, or Whore. Madam! Madam!

Nell. Oh Gemini! who's this? What do'st say Sweet-heart.

Lucy. Sweet-heart! Oh Lud, Sweet-heart! the best Names I have had these three Months from her have been Slut or Whore—What Gown and Ruffles will your Ladyship wear To-day?

Nell.

Nell. What does she mean? Ladyship! Gown! and Ruffles! sure I am awake? Oh! I remember the cunning Man, now.

Lucy. Did your Ladyship speak?

Nell. Ay, Child, I'll wear the same I did Yesterday.

Lucy. Mercy upon me! Child! here's a Miracle!

Enter Lettice.

Let. Is my Lady awake? Have you had her Shoe or her Slipper flung at your Head yet?

Lucy. Oh, no, I am overjoy'd; she's in the kindest Humour! go to the Bed and speak to her, now is your Time.

Let. Now's my Time! what, to have another Tooth beat out. Madam.

Nell. What dost say, my Dear?——O the Father! what would she have?

Let. What Work will your Ladyship be pleas'd to have done To-day? Shall I work plain Work, or go to my Sticking.

Nell. Work Child! 'Tis a Holiday; no Work Today.

Let. Oh Mercy! am I, or she awake! or do we both dream?

Lucy. If it continues, we shall be a happy Family.

Let. Your Ladyship's Chocolate is ready.

Nell. Mercy on me! what's that? some Garment, I suppose. (*Aside.*) Put it on then, Sweet-heart.

Let. Put it on, Madam! I have taken it off, 'tis ready to Drink.

Nell. I mean, put it by, I don't care for drinking now.

Enter Cook.

Cook. Now I go like a Bear to the Stake, to know her scurvy Ladyship's Commands about Dinner. How many rascally Names must I be call'd.

Let. Oh, *John Cook*, you'll be out of your Wits to find my Lady in so sweet a Temper.

Cook. What a Devil, are they all mad.

Lucy. Madam, here's the Cook come about Dinner.

Nell. Oh! there's a fine Cook! he looks like one of your Gentlefolk (*Aside.*) Indeeds, honest Man, I'm very hungry now, pray get me a Rasher upon the Coals, a Piece of one Milk Cheefe, and some white Bread.

Cook.

Cook. Hey! what's to do here? my Head turns round, Honest Man; I look'd for Rogue or Rascal, at least. She's strangely changed in her Diet, as well as Humour. (*Aside.*) I'm afraid, Madam, Cheese and Bacon will sit very heavy on your Ladyship's Stomach in a Morning. If you please, Madam, I'll toss you up a white Fricassee of Chickens in a Trice, Madam! or what does your Ladyship think of a Veal Sweet-bread?

Nell. E'en what you will, good Cook.

Cook. Good Cook! good Cook! Ah, 'tis a sweet Lady.

Enter Butler.

Oh! kiss me, *Chip*, I am out of my Wits; we have the kindest, sweetest Lady.

But. You shamming Rogue, I think you are out of your Wits, all of ye; the Maids look merrily too.

Lucy. Here's the Butler, Madam, to know your Ladyship's Orders.

Nell. Oh! pray Mr. Butler, let me have some Small-beer when my Breakfast comes in.

But. Mr. Butler! Mr. Butler! I shall be turned into Stone with Amazement. (*Aside.*) Would not your Ladyship rather have a Glass of Frontinac or Lacrime?

Nell. Oh dear; what hard Names are there; But I must not betray myself. (*Aside.*) Well, which you please, Mr. Butler.

Enter Coachman.

But. Go, get you in, and be rejoiced as I am.

Coach. The Cook has been making his Game, I know not how long. What do you banter too?

Lucy. Madam, the Coachman.

Coach. I come to know if your Ladyship goes out To-Day, and which you'll have, the Coach or the Cha-riot.

Nell. I'll ride in the Coach, if you please.

Coach. The Sky will fall, that's most certain. [Exit.

Nell. I can hardly think I am awake yet. How well pleased they all seem to wait upon me. O notable cunning Man! My Head turns round; I am quite giddy with my own Happiness.

A I R

A I R XIV. *What tho' I am a Country Lass.*

Tho' late I was a Cobler's Wife,
In Cottage most obscure a,
In plain Stuff Gown, and short ear'd Coif,
Hard Labour did endure a :
The Scene is chang'd, I'm alter'd quite,
And from poor humble Nell a,
I'll learn to Dance, to Read, and Write,
And from all bear the Bell a.

Enter Sir John and Gentlemen.

Sir John. How do you like your Sport, Gentlemen ?
I think we have had a Smart Turn or Two. Well,
Hunting to me is the most agreeable Diversion, as well
as the wholesomest Exercise the Country affords.

A I R XV. *Whilst the Town agrees with Polly.*

Hounds and Horns o'er Plains resounding,
Ecchoes from the Hills rebounding,
Fill the Sportsman's Heart with Joy ;
Let, while to the Chase inviting
Health and Pleasure are uniting,
Fop's o'er Tea their Time destroy.

But. Oh, Sir, here's the rearest News !

Lucy. There never was the like, Sir ; you will be over-
joy'd and amaz'd.

Sir John. What are you mad ? What's the Matter
with ye ?

Enter Coachman and other Servants.

How now ! Here's a new Face in my Family ; what's
the Meaning of all this ?

But. Oh, Sir ! the Family is turned upside down.
We are almost distracted ; the happiest People !

Lucy. Ay, my Lady, Sir, my Lady.

Sir John. What, is she dead ?

But. Dead ! Heaven forbid ; O ; she's the best of Wo-
men, the sweetest Lady.

Sir John. This is astonishing ! I must go and enquire
into this Wonder. If this be true, I shall rejoice in-
deed.

But. 'Tis true, Sir, upon my Honour. Long live Sir
John and my Lady ! *(Exit Sir John.)*

Enter Nell and Lucy.

Nell. I well remember the cunning Man warn'd me
to

to bear all out with Confidence, or worse, he said, would follow. I am asham'd, and know not what to do with all this Ceremony; I am amaz'd, and out of my Senses. I look'd in the Glass, and saw a gay fine Thing I knew not; methought my Face was not at all like that I have seen at Home in a Piece of Looking-Glass fastened against the Cupboard. But great Ladies they say, have flattering Glasses, and shew them far unlike themselves, whilst poor Folks Glasses represent them e'en just as they are.

A I R XVI. When I was a Dame of Honour.

Fine Ladies with an artful Grace.

Disguise each native Feature;

Whilst flattering Glasses shew their Face,

As made by Art, not Nature:

But we poor Folks in home spun Grey,

By Patch nor Washes tainted,

Look fresh and sweeter far than they,

That still are finely painted.

Lucy. O Madam! here's my Master just return'd from Hunting.

Enter Sir John.

Nell. O Gemini! this good Gentleman my Husband!

Sir John. My Dear, I am overjoy'd to see my Family thus transported with Extacy, which you occasion'd.

Nell. Sir, I shall always be proud to do every thing that may give you Delight; and your Family Satisfaction.

Sir John. By Heav'n! I am charm'd; dear Creature, if thou continnest thus, I had rather enjoy thee than the Indies. But can this be real? May I believe my Senses?

Nell. All that's good above can witness for me, I am in earnest.

Sir John. Rise my Dearest. Now I am happy indeed—Where are my Friends, my Servants? call them all, and let them be Witnesses of my Happiness.

(Exeunt.

Nell. O Lud! how shall I behave myself——. Heaven preserve my Wits.

A I R

The Wives Metamorphos'd.

21

A I R XVII. *'Twas within a Furlong, &c.*

Nell. O charming cunning Man thou hast been
wondrous kind.

And all thy golden Words do now prove true, I find;

Ten Thousand Transports wait,

To crown my happy State,

Thus kiss'd and press'd,

And doubly bless'd

In all this Pomp and State.

New Scenes of Joy arise,

Which fill me with Surprize;

My Rock, and Reel,

And spinning Wheel,

And Husband I dispise;

Then *Jobson*, now adieu,

Thy Cobling still pursue;

For hence I will not, cannot, no, nor must not buckle too.

(Exit.

S C E N E *Jobson's House.*

Enter Lady.

Lady. Was ever Lady yet so miserable? I can't make
one Soul in the Village acknowledge me; they sure are
all of the Conspiracy. This wicked Husband of mine
has laid a devilish Plot against me; I must at present sub-
mit, that I may hereafter have an Opportunity of exe-
cuting my Design. Here comes the Rogue; I'll have
him firangled: but now I must yield.

Enter Jobson.

Job. Come on *Nell*, art thou come to thyself yet?

Lady. Yes, I thank you, I wonder what I ail'd; this
cunning Man has put Powder in my Drink, most cer-
tainly.

Job. Powder! the Brewer put good Store of Powder
of Mault in it, that's all. Powder, quoth, she! Ha,
ha, ha!

Lady. I never was so all the Days of my Life.

Job. Was so, no, nor I hope never will be so again,
to put me to the Trouble of strapping you so devilishly.

Lady. I'll have that right Hand cut off for that,

Rogue. (Aside.) You was unmerciful to bruise me so.

Job. Well, I'm going to Sir *John* Loverule's; all his

D

Tenants

Tenants are invited; there's to be rare Feasting and Revelling, and open House kept for three Months.

Lady. Husband, shan't I go with you?

Job. What the Devil ails thee now? Did I not tell thee but Yesterday, I would strap thee for deliring to go, and art thou at it again, with a Pox?

Lady. What does the Villain mean by Strapping, and Yesterday?

Job. Why, I have been marry'd but six Weeks, and you long to make me a Cuckold already. Stay at home and be hang'd, there is good cold Pye in the Cupboard, but I'll trust thee no more with strong Beer, Hussy.

(Exit.)

Lady. Well, I'll not be long after you; sure I shall get some of my own Family to know me, they can't be all in this wicked Plot.

A I R XVIII. *The Bendgeon is a fine Trade.*

Tho' ravish'd from my Husband's Arms,
To dwell in Stench and Pain,
I'll break through all their Magic-Charms,
And Liberty regain.

Then sweet Revenge shall calm my Woes,
And every Grief assuage;

Whilst all who did my Bliss oppose,
Shall feel my pow'rful Rage.

[Exit.]

S C E N E *Sir John's.*

Sir John and Company discover'd.

A I R XIX. *Bacchus one Day gayly striding.*

Thus we'll drown all Melancholy,
In a Glass of gen'rous Wine;
Let dull Fools indulge their Folly,
And at Cares of Life repine:

But the brave and noble Spirit
Scorns such mean ignoble Views;
Whilst the World proclaims his Merit,
He sublimer Joys pursues.

A I R XX. *Duetto.*

Sir John. Was ever Man posses'd of
So sweet, so kind a Wife!

Nell.

Nell. Dear Sir, you make me Proud :
 Be you but kind,
 And you shall find
 All the Good I can boast of
 Shall end but with my Life.

Sir John. Give me they Lips ;

Nell. First let me, dear Sir, wipe 'em ;

Sir John. Was ever so sweet a Wife ! (Kissing her.

Nell. Thank you, dear Sir !
 I vow and protest,
 I ne'er was so kist ;
 Again, Sir !

Sir John. Again and again my Dearest ;
 O may it last for Life !
 What Joy thus to enfold thee !

Nell. What Pleasure to behold thee !
 Inclind again to kifs !

Sir John. How ravishing the Blifs !

Nell. I little thought this Morning,
 'Twould ever come to this. *Da Capo.*
Enter Lady.

Lady. Here's a fine Rout and Rioting ! You, Sirrah,
Butler, you Rogue.

But. Why, how now ; Who are you ?

Lady. Impudent Varlet ; don't you know your Lady ?

But. Lady ? here, turn this mad Woman out of Doors.

Lady. You Rascal, take that, Sirrah.

(Flings a Glass at him.)

Foot. Have a Care, Hussy, there's a good Pump without, we will cool your Courage for you.

Lady. You *Lucy*, have you forgot me too, you Minx ?

Lucy. Forgot you, Woman ; why, I never remember'd you, I never saw you before in my Life.

Lady. Oh the wicked Slut ! I'll give you Cause to remember me, I will, Hussy. *(Pulls her Head-loaths off.)*

Lucy. Murder ! Murder ! Help !

Sir John. How now, what Uproar's this ?

Lady. You, *Lettice*, you Slut, won't you know me neither ?

(Strikes her.)
Let.

Let. Help, help——

Sir John. What's to do there?

But. Why, Sir, here's a mad Woman calls herself my Lady, and is beating and cuffing us all around.

Sir John. (To Lady) Thou my Wife! poor Creature, I pity thee; I never saw thee before.

Lady. Then it is vain to expect Redress from thee, thou wicked Contriver of all my Misery.

Nell. How am I amaz'd! Can that be I, there is my Cloaths, that have made all this Disturbance? and yet I am here, to my Thinking, in these fine Cloaths. How can this be? I am so confounded and afrighted, that I begin to wish I was with Zekel Jobson again.

Lady. To whom shall I apply myself, or whither can I fly? Heaven! What do I see? Is not that I, yonder in my Gown and Petticoat I wore Yesterday? How can it be? I cannot be in two Places at once.

Sir John. Poor Wretch! she's stark mad.

Lady. What in the Devil's Name, was here before I came? Let me look in the Glass. Oh Heavens! I'm astonish'd, I don't know myself? If this be I that the Glass shews me, I never saw myself before.

Sir John. What incoherent Madness is this?

Enter Jobson.

Lady. There, that's the Devil in my Likeness, who has robbed me of my Countenance. Is he here too!

Job. Ay, Hussy, and here's my Strap you Quean.

Nell. O dear! I'm afraid my Husband will beat me, that I am on t'other Side the Room there.

Job. I hope your Honours will pardon her, she was drinking with a Conjurer last Night, and has been mad ever since, and calls herself my Lady *Loverule*.

Sir John. Poor Woman! take Care of her; do not hurt her, she may be cur'd of this.

Nell. O! pray *Zekel*, don't beat me.

Sir John. What says my Love? Does she infect thee with Madness too?

Nell. I am not well, pray lead me in?

(Exeunt Nell and her Maid.)

Job. I beseech your Worship don't take it ill of me, she shall never trouble you more.

Sir John. Take her home and use her kindly.

Lady.

Lady. What will become of me?

Exeunt Jobson and Lady.

Enter Footman.

Foot. Sir, the Doctor who call'd here last Night, desires you will give him Leave to speak a Word or two with you upon very earnest Business.

Sir John. What can this mean? bring him in.

Enter Doctor.

Doct. Lo! on my Knees, Sir, I beg Forgiveness for what I have done, and put my Life into your Hands.

Sir John. What mean you?

Doct. I have exercis'd my magick Art upon you, *Lady*; I know you have too much Honour to take away my Life, since I might have still conceal'd it, had I pleas'd.

Sir John. You have now brought me a Glimpse of Misery too great to bear. Is all my Happiness then turn'd into Vision only?

Doct. I beg you fear not; if any Harm comes on it, I freely give you Leave to hang me.

Sir John. Inform me of what you have done.

Doct. I have transform'd your *Lady's* Face, so that she seems the *Cobler's* Wife, and have charm'd her Face into the Likeness of my *Lady's*, and last Night when the Storm arose, my Spirits convey'd them to each other's Bed.

Sir John. O Wretch! thou hast undone me, I am fallen from the Height of all my Hopes, and must still be curs'd with a tempestuous Wife, a Fury whom I never knew quiet since I had her.

Doct. If that be all, I can continue the Charm for both their Lives.

Sir John. Let the Event be what it will, I'll hang you if you do not end the Charm this Instant.

Doct. I will, this Minute, Sir; and perhaps you'll find it the luckiest of your Life; I can assure you, your *Lady* will prove the better for it.

Sir John. Hold, there's one material Circumstance I'd know.

Doct. Your Pleasure, Sir?

Sir John. Perhaps the *Cobler* has—you understand me?

E

Doct.

The Devil to Pay; Or,

Doct. I do assure you, no; for e'er she was convey'd to his Bed, the Cöbler was got up to work, and he has done nought but beat her ever since, and you are like to reap the Fruits of his Labour. He'll be with you in a Minute: Here he comes.

Enter Jobson.

John. So *Jobson*, where's your Wife?

b. And please your Worship, she's here at the door, but indeed I thought I had lost her just now; for she came into the Hall, she fell into such a Swoon, that I thought she would never come out on't again; but a Tweak or two by the Nose, and half a Dozen Straps did the Business at last. Here, where are you, House-wife.

Enter Lady.

Butler holds the Candle, but lets it fall when he sees her.

But. O Heaven and Earth! is this my Lady?

Job. What does he say? my Wife chang'd to my Lady.

Cook. Ay, I thought the other was too good for our Lady.

Lady. (to *Sir John*) Sir, you are the Person I have most offended, and here confess I have been the worst of Wives in every Thing, but that I always kept myself chaste. If you can vouchsafe once more to take me to your Bosom, the Remainder of my Days shall joyfully be spent in Duty, and Observance of your Will.

Sir John. Rise Madam, I do forgive you; and if you are sincere in what you say, you'll make me happier than all the Enjoyments in the World without you cou'd do.

Job. What a pox! am I to lose my Wife thus?

Enter Lucy and Lettice.

Lucy. Oh, Sir, the strangest Accident has happened, it has amaz'd us; my Lady was in so great a Swoon, we thought she had been dead.

Let. And when she came to herself, she prov'd another Woman.

Job. Ha, ha, ha! a Bull, a Bull.

Lucy. She is so chang'd I knew her not; I never saw her Face before; O Lud! is this my Lady!

Let.

Let. We shall be maul'd again.

Lucy. I thought our Happiness was too great to last.

Lady. Fear not, my Servants. It shall hereafter be my Endeavour to make you happy.

Sir John. Persevere in this Resolution, and we shall be blest'd indeed: the other was a false and short-liv'd Joy, but, this, I hope, will continue for Life.

Lady. May Heaven blast me, if once I alter from my Purpose, or ever contradict your Will again.

Sir John. Then am I blest, this is a Day of Wonders indeed.

Enter Nell.

Nell. My Head runs round, I must go home, O *Zekel!* are you there?

Job. O Lud! is that fine Lady my Wife? I gad I am afraid to come near her. What can be the Meaning of this?

Sir John. This is a happy Change, and I'll have it celebrated with all the Joy I proclaim'd for the late short liv'd Vision.

Lady. To me 'tis the happiest Day I ever knew.

Sir John. Here *Jobson*, take thy fine Wife.

Job. But one Word, Sir—Did not your Worship make me a Cuckold, under the Rose.

Sir John. No, upon my Honour, nor ever kist her Lips till I came from hunting; but since she has been a Means of bringing about this happy Change, I'll give thee five hundred Pounds home with her; go buy a Stock of Leather.

Job. Brave Boys! I'm a Prince, the Prince of Coblers. Come hither and kifs me, *Nell.* I'll never strap thee more.

Nell. Indeed, *Zekel*, I have been in such a Dream, that I'm quite weary of it. Forsooth, Madam, will you please to take your Cloaths, and let me have mine again.

Job. Hold your Tongue, you Fool, they'll serve you to go to Church in. *[Aside.*

Lady. No, thou shalt keep them, and I'll preserve, thine as Reliques.

Job. And can your good Ladyship forgive my Strapping your Honour so very much?

Lady.

Lady. Most freely. The Joy of this blessed Change
sets all Things right again.

Sir John. Let us forget every Thing that is past
and think of nothing **now** but Joy and Pleasure.

A I R XXI. *Hey Boys up go we.*

Lady. Let ev'ry Face with Smiles appear,
Be Joy in every Breast,
Since from a Life of Pain and Care,
We now are truly blest.

Sir John. May no Remembrance of past Time,
Our present Pleasures foil.
Be nought but Mirth and Joy a Crime,
And Sporting all our Toil.

Job. I hope you'll give me Leave to speak,
If I may be so bold ;
'There's nought but the Devil and this good Strap,
Could ever tame a Scold.

F I N I S.



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